

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &c.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

VOLUME I.

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Poetry.

FOR THE CASKET.

NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM WALCOTT.

'Tis the hour—when Earth reposing,
Rests her busy tongues of day,
Through her mantle dim disclosing
Wood and hill and winding way:
Song of birds and breezes rushing,
Hush'd in quiet linger there;
Winding streams and fountains gushing,
Whisper softly to the air.

'Tis the hour—when silent motion
Wafts the pale moon far on high,
And the lake and quiet ocean,
Show each gem that studs the sky.
Flowers and trees with dew-drops weeping
Shadow'd vale and rocky steep—
Mountain peaks their watches keeping—
All seem wrapt in solemn sleep.

'Tis the hour—when worn and weary
Sons of care have sunk to rest—
Freed awhile from prospects dreary;—
Happy in sweet visions blest.
Poor neglected sons of sorrow,
Toiling through the live-long light,
Though your ills return to-morrow,
Rest ye in the arms of Night.

COLUMBUS, O.

FOR THE CASKET.

WE ARE PASSING ON.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO Z—M—, OF NEW BALTIMORE, OHIO.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We are passing on, we are passing away,
To that final bourne where the beautiful, gay,
The wise, and the foolish, the witty, the sad,
The lofty, the lowly, the good, and the bad,
Have gone and are going, while the coming shall trace
O'er the time-trodden trail to the same resting place.

O, life is a dream, where the dreamer pursues
Each phantom, each object, the moments infuse—
And we laugh and we sing—grow serious and weep—
As thought, ever changing, our vision doth sweep
On the bright wing of Hope, or with Grief and Despair,
On their dark raven plumes, hovers gloomily there.

Our dream in life's morn is of innocence, truth—
And the vision is bright with the fancies of youth,
But Reason, Reality, Perplexity, Care—
Co-linked with old Time—bring their troubles to bear,
And Age tells a tale of sad, mystical lore—
A tale which, in dreaming, we dreamt not before.

We are passing on, we are passing away,
To the radiant realms of Eternity's day,
Where Angels' sweet tones in anthems of praise,
With Saints, to Almighty, one chorus shall raise—
Where Poetry, Music—twin sisters of song,—
Shall ever their harmonious accents prolong—
To the far golden goal, with all holiness fraught,
We are passing away—'tis a beautiful thought!

Original Tale.

HELENA ASHTON.

BY EMERSON BENNETT, AUTHOR OF THE "UNKNOWN COUNTESS," "SECRET ROBBER," "LEAGUE OF THE MIAMI," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

CHAPTER V.

"Life is strange and woman's strange,
How oft in both man suffers change."

IT was a beautiful morning a few days from the events noticed in the preceding chapter, and Hellena Ashton was seated near a window, in the same elegant apartment where, some two months or more, previous, she and Lawrence Granby had bound themselves by a solemn, a sacred oath, to each other.

She was still dressed in black, and there was still a shade of sorrow on her beautiful features; but time had erased much of that severe grief, which was then pictured there, and her countenance had resumed much of its wonted color and expression. Her eyes looked bright, bordering more on the cheerful, than formerly, and it was evident that her thoughts, of late, had been directed more to the living than the dead.

She was seated on a crimson, velvet-stuffed chair, drawn up before the window—which was open—apparently gazing into the street, where a few passers-by were leisurely sauntering along. A soft, pleasing breeze poured gently in, rustling the damask silk curtains hanging at the windows, and stirring the locks of her dark glossy hair, which were falling around her face and neck in a profusion of beautiful ringlets. A little to the left stood the piano, before which was a stool, evidently but just vacated, as the piano was open, and numerous pieces of music were scattered, somewhat negligently, about it.

What were Hellena's thoughts, as she sat there, looking forth with that earnest gaze which told that she was thinking of something, other than what was passing before her? Was she thinking of him to whom she had pledged her vow? Of him who was far away, toiling with adversity, that he might sometime be worthy of her love? Was she thinking of Lawrence Granby—and if so, what were her thoughts? Were they thoughts of regret—or thoughts of satisfaction? Regret that she had in a moment of impulse bound herself to one who was poor—one who might never be able to win that name and fortune for which he had gone forth? Satisfaction that he was one worthy of her love—one whose soul was filled with everything noble and generous—one who had the fire of genius to push him on to a high and honorable stand among his countrymen? Who shall answer? A woman's heart is a strange labyrinth, and it puzzles the wisest to understand its secret workings. Whatever her thoughts were, coming events will show their ultimate tendency.

Her reverie, whatever it was, was broken by a ring from the bell, connected with the street, and a few minutes later a servant entered bearing her letter. She took it from his hand, and her own slightly trembled, while a flush overspread her features as the inscription and post-mark met her eye, and motioning him to retire, she immediately broke the seal—murmuring as she did so—

"I know the writing, it is from Lawrence." Casting her eye over it, for a moment, she in a low tone began the perusal of its contents. It ran thus—

"Dearest Hellena,

I owe you a thousand apologies for my long silence, and can only plead in extenuation the unsettled state of my mind, and the doubts which hung gloomily over my future course. I had, in fact, almost begun to despair of ever being able to redeem my solemn vow, to you. But now, brighter days are dawning upon me—hope is again revived, and I once more look forward to the future with happy thoughts. My course through life is now marked out, and already do I fancy myself ascending the hill of fame.

"When I left you, my prospects were very dubious, and I arrived in this city with a sinking heart. For several days I

wandered about the streets, almost insane with the terrible pressure of melancholy thoughts. O, Hellena, how often and often did I think of your beautiful features—how often did I see your dark blue, soul-sparkling eyes fastened upon me—how often did I see a smile of encouragement lingering around your lovely countenance, radiating it with a light that seemed to pierce the unknown future—and as often, when halfinclined to embrace the dark fiend of despair, did I take courage, and doubly nerve myself to press onward to a brighter destiny.

"Various were the plans I laid for my future course, but none of them seemed, to me, to fully answer the end I had in view. At last my mind settled upon one with a steadier look, and that one have I selected. It is the career of an artist."

As Hellena came to this, she started, and a smile of scorn was visible on her proud lip, while her features reddened with a seeming angry flush.

"An artist!" said she, "Lawrence Granby an artist! and he to be the future husband of Hellena Ashton! Can it be possible that fate has driven him to so low a calling? I never dreamt of this—but I will see the end." And she continued to read—

"This, dearest Hellena, seems to respond to the longings of my spirit. It is full of all the bright poetry which, I fancy, harmonizes so well with my nature. I am already well advanced in my pursuits. I have already painted a likeness of you, and as in my leisure moments I gaze upon it, it seems as 'twere whispering to me words of encouragement and hope. Already, by it, have I procured the painting of one of the richest, and loveliest daughters of old Philadelphia—a likeness on which I am now engaged, and which, in a very short period, I shall complete. This will open to me a new field of pecuniary gain, and by going to Italy, and studying there amid the grandeur of the past and the present, I fancy I shall be able to do something towards honorable renown; and when I return, what whispers hope, Hellena? If it tells its tale as bright for you, as me, then may we count on a coming life of happy tranquility—an ending of days in enjoying all that is beautiful; for the profession that I am following, trains the mind to that keen appreciation of the refinements of being, animate and inanimate, which opens to the soul an inner and holier life, and gives to every thing a language and an interest beyond the common understanding. And wherefore this, do you ask? Because in everything of consequence, is a certain amount of poetry, which, by a poetical train of sympathy in us, links both together, as 'twere, in one common tongue, and we understand and feel its divine teachings. But I fear I am already wearying you with what appears, to me, stupid writing. O, that I had the power to express the half I feel, that I could unfold to you "that which is most within me," then would I make each line eloquent as with the voice of speaking thought.

"But, dearest, I must close. Count on me as ever faithful to the vow we both have made to God, his angels, and ourselves. Write to me soon and often, I am anxious to hear from you. Farewell for the present, perchance until we meet.

Forever yours,

LAWRENCE GRANBY."

"So then," said Hellena, after a pause, as she folded the letter—"so then, he is an ARTIST! Why did he not aim for something higher? Well, I suppose I must fain be content;" and again that same proud smile might be seen lurking around her mouth.

Alas, for thee, Lawrence Granby—it was not the smile of thy dreams.

For some moments Hellena sat with her lips partly compressed, and her left foot tapping the floor, with a nervous motion, that bespoke her ill at ease; while she again gazed forth with a vacant stare.

"Oh, that he had chosen some other profession," said she, at length;—"I do not like it. What would the world say? Ha! again of the world—and with it comes the memory of my father's dying words. Oh, that I were less proud, how much it would add to my happiness. Alas! I am as I am; I cannot alter if I would; I may change my outward seeming, but nature will still be there the same. But why should I object to

the name of artist; does not even the world name them with pride? I have heard of Michael Angelo, but then Lawrence will never be an Angelo; and yet why should I judge him by such a criterion? no! I should rather judge him by that of love. Does not his whole epistle breathe of love to me, and of me? Yes, yes, noble Lawrence, I will stand by, I will still be true to you, let what may come;" and as she concluded her soliloquy, she opened the letter, and with a better spirit again and again perused its contents.

At length she was suddenly startled, or seemed to be so, by the servant's announcement of "Mr. Roland," and rising from her seat, with a highly flushed cheek, she greeted this gentleman,—who had rather unceremoniously followed the servant into the room—with a somewhat embarrassed, yet courteous air; while at the same time, she took good care to secrete the letter of Lawrence Granby.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ashton," said Roland—whom the reader, we trust, has not yet forgotten—and who, by the way, was dressed in the most costly extreme of fashion—sporting a diamond breast-pin of great value—a gold watch, and a heavy golden guard,—"I beg your pardon, Miss Ashton, for thus intruding myself into your presence; for, perchance, you were busily engaged."

"Nothing of moment, sir," replied Hellena, slightly coloring; and motioning him to a seat, not far distant, she again resumed her own.

"Having some little leisure, and being desirous of a stroll, I almost unconsciously wended my way hither; and, by chance, seeing you near the window, I concluded to give you a few moments call, hoping I might not, thereby, be deemed intrusive."

"On the contrary, sir, I feel flattered with the honor you have done me."

For a moment or two Roland looked at Hellena with an earnest gaze, as though he thought to detect some hidden meaning, of an ironical nature, in her words. If such were his expectations, he was disappointed; for there was nothing in her look by which he could definitely arrive at such a conclusion, and he again remarked—

"How were you pleased with the party, last evening?"

"As well, sir, as with any of the kind."

"I judge by that, you rather prefer some other mode of amusement?"

"I do, sir."

"Balls, perhaps?"

"I sometimes dance, or have done so, formerly."

"You, I think, must be a beautiful dancer."

"Why so?"

"Because you possess a beautiful form, a fine, airy, graceful motion."

"You flatter me, sir."

"If truth flatters, then I plead guilty."

"I have ever loved the dance," returned Hellena, seemingly rather pleased with the compliment.

"As I thought; for I, myself, have ever counted it among the gayest, and yet most innocent pleasures of life; how inspiring is the music; how it seems to lighten us of all our cares past, present, and to come—and we whirl along through its giddy mazes, forgetful of everything but the pleasures of the time."

"There is much truth in your remark," replied Hellena.

"Truth, lady—ay; it is all truth. When in the sunny land of France, among her gay and beautiful daughters, a chief portion of my leisure was exclusively devoted to it; and many the time since I have looked upon those fast fleeting hours with pleasure and regret; pleasure as memory called them up—regret that they were among the things that are gone for ever." As Roland said this, he turned his large gray eyes full upon Hellena, with a sorrowful expression.

"Have you traveled much through Europe?"

"Much, Miss Ashton, through all the principal countries. I have traveled through England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany and Russia."

"You have seen much, then, to awaken happy, and painful thoughts."

"I have; in Italy, more especially. There have I stood, for many an hour, gazing upon those old ruins—thinking of their former grandeur—and marking the mighty devastations made by time. It was a solemn sight, to contemplate, Miss Ashton; but there is, in Italy, much of a redeeming nature—for there, in the same luxuriant clime, can we behold the master works of the past and the present. We there see shadowed forth in sculpture and painting, the poetry of those great spirits who have made their names immortal."

"I should like much to behold thine creations."

"Have you ever traveled?"

"But very little, sir—none to speak of; and yet my desire for travel has ever been strong."

"O, then you should to Italy"—said Roland, with animation—and his eyes grew eloquent as he fastened them upon Hellena; "you should away to beautiful Italy, and there, with such a mind as yours, could you seem to feast your soul forever, in contemplation of all that has been made lovely by art, or sacred by age."

"If I thought myself capable of appreciating them, nothing would delight me more."

"Capable, Hellena—I beg your pardon—I should have said Miss Ashton"—

"You are excusable," interrupted she, "I am often called Hellena."

"Thank you," replied Roland, and his eyes met hers with a meaning look; "you say were you capable, Hellena"—and he drew his chair a little nearer to her own; "no one who has ever gazed into your dark blue eyes, and seen the poetry written there, as I have, that would deny you the power of appreciating all that had ever emanated from the hand of *genius*."

As Roland said this, he approached still nearer, while the features of Hellena slightly flushed, as she replied—

"I was not aware that my eyes expressed the noble gift of which you speak, the gift of poetry."

"Then are you almost the only one," returned Roland, as he saw she drank in flattery. "I believe *genius*, however, is known last to its real possessors, or, by them only, never known."

"But I could never write, Mr. Roland."

"And yet you may still possess the full meed of *genius* and poetry. Poetry exhibits itself in many ways, and because you cannot jingle lines on paper, is no proof that you do not possess it. There are many channels for its conveyance to the senses, and a refinement in thought and language, music and dancing, bear alike, in a greater or less degree, some part of this truly divine inspiration."

"And do you count music as a species of poetry?" asked Hellena, with animation.

"Most assuredly, I do."

"Then do I flatter myself I possess a small portion of it."

"Not a small portion, Hellena, allow me to correct you; your very soul is alive with it. But speaking of music, reminds me of a request I had intended to make long ere this, which was, to ask you to sing, accompanying it with the piano."

"Certainly, Mr. Roland, any request, in my power to grant, ever gives me pleasure in doing so;" and as she spoke, Hellena rose, and seating herself on the stool in front of the piano, ran her fingers swiftly over the keys, preparatory to commencing a tune.

"I perceive you understand your business," said Roland, with a winning smile, as she paused, and partly turned her head towards him; "I perceive you understand your business, perfectly;" and drawing up his chair, he seated himself by her side.

"What tune, Mr. Roland?" enquired she, turning her soft blue eyes full upon him.

"Any, so it suit you, Hellena, and breathe a tone of love; and her look was answered by one difficult to be mistaken."

"Of love?" returned she, rather archly, dropping her eyes; "I trust you are not in love, Mr. Roland."

"Supposing you were my confessor, I should answer, 'I am.'"

"Indeed?"

"Even so."

"And who may the lady be, pray?"

"There lies the secret."

"Is she wealthy?"

"So believed."

"Is she young?"

"So considered."

"Is she handsome?"

"So acknowledged."

"Is she accomplished?"

"So reported."

"Then is she worthy?"

"So I thought."

"Cannot you describe her personal appearance?"

"I can try."

"Do so;" and Hellena fastened her eyes upon him, with intense interest.

"Well, then, to begin: her features are fair and beautiful as we dream of an angel—her form is like a sylph, or fairy, of fairy land—her eyes are like stars set in deep, clear, ethereal blue—her cheeks are somewhat like the rose—her lips are like the meeting of red cherries—her voice is like the song of the nightingale; how like you the description?"

(TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

ESSAYS.

FOR THE CASKET.

SELF-COMMAND.

NO. 1.

BY L. A. HINE.

Napoleon could command kings and subjects, but he could not command his own ambition. Byron could command the *Inner Spirit and Harmonies of Nature*, and give them a thrilling utterance in song, but he could not command the melancholy and moroseness that imbittered his own happiness, and disturbed the quietude of his connexions and friends. Many have been able to accomplish magnificent enterprises and call forth the plaudits of the world, but few have deserved the credit of maintaining a constant supremacy over themselves. Multitudes have obtained a brilliant renown for their learning and wisdom, but rarely has an individual solved the problem of his own existence, and steadily guided his bark over the boisterous ocean of life. The Heavens above and the Earth beneath have been explored, and the laws by which the Eternal created and governs the Universe explained to the understanding of the people, but man has been loth to look into himself and comprehend the complications of his own physical and spiritual being. Why this neglect of knowledge that most concerns our happiness? Why this shrinking from ourselves? Why do we fear to approach our own souls? Do we dread to examine our interior nature because we are conscious of the ruin our follies have wrought? Do we avoid ourselves because we tremble as we approach the sanctuary of our being?

What do we understand by self-command? It is the entire subjection of all our thoughts, feelings and conduct to the laws of God which are inflexible and co-existent with Humanity:—It is obedience. To obey, we must know the law and have moral power to resist evil. To know the law, we must study ourselves—and to possess the moral power, we must cultivate love for Truth and Goodness. Self-command, then, is that power which bears us steadily above the seductions of vice and the storms of passion;—which, let come what will maintain our happiness and dignity. Self-knowledge, is, therefore, pre-requisite to self-command. We must know whence we are and whither we tend—what are "our beings end and aim," the purposes of our existence, our destiny and the conditions of its attainment.

The immeasurable importance of self-command is manifested in all the experience of man. Look at the merely physical form;—why the pale countenance, the hectic flush, the dull eye, the unhappy expression, the deformed person and the premature decrepitude that so frequently excite our commiseration? Why do passion, vice and crime abound? Why the vast possessions of the few and the destitution of the many? Why the indolence of some and the slavish toil of others? Why the feasting to satiety on the one hand, and the stinted tables on the other? Verily, men do not command themselves—do not obey the laws of their physiological, mental and moral nature. This is the secret of most of the suffering that afflicts our race. The causes of pain, privation and woe are not in the nature of things, and he who asserts the contrary views the Universal Order of Creation through a false medium. He must be insensible to the unbounded Benevolence that arranged all things in conformity with its dictates. There is in the world an overflowing abundance of all that can complete the happiness of every intelligent being and contribute to his constant elevation. That there is enough to feed, clothe and educate all, though many are afflicted with privation, let the means expended in extravagance, in doctoring our self-abused constitutions, in restraining our lawless passions, and in mending our self-broken morals, answer. Though it is impossible to estimate the amount of unhappiness in the world, yet let not nature be impeached nor God blasphemed. We, alone, are guilty—we are responsible for all our woes—

"The fault is not in our stars
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

We do not command ourselves—we do not learn to obey—we suffer ourselves to be the sport of appetite, passion and temptation. We must first learn and practice obedience, and then we shall obtain a glorious command,—a command of the overflowing store-House of Nature—a command of development to exalt us physically, intellectually and spiritually—a command of knowledge to give us nobler views of the magnificence of the Universe, the destiny of man, and the Infinite Attributes of the Creator.

Believing the matters connected with our subject cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the public mind, I will continue to furnish each number of the "Casket" a short chapter, until the field here opened shall be surveyed.

FOR THE CASKET.

THE POETRY OF ART.

BY J. G. DUNN, M. D.

Language is not the only vehicle of Natural Poetry. It gladdens the eye in painting, and the ear in music. The real Artist, is as much a Poet as though he expressed his ideas in verse. A man may be mechanical in painting, as well as in language. Because he handles his colors well—because he lays them on smoothly and finely, is no indication that he possesses the Natural poetry of the Art. Titian colored exquisitely;—Michael Angelo scorned all tricks of color—sketched in his figures roughly and boldly,—yet Angelo was the greater Artist. Moore is the Titian of language—Milton is its Michael Angelo.

In meditating upon the two latter, who cannot perceive that they were kindred spirits? Both were enraptured by the study of the antique—both saw and copied alike its grandeur. The mantle of Natural poetry, descended equally upon them both. Nature seemed to have forgotten her original idea of variety, and from the laboratory of creative power, brought forth two intellectual giants similar in mind, and equal in capacity; yet how wisely—how gloriously has she overcome the creative tautology in the provision of different vehicles for the development of thought, and its communication from man to man! Thus by different channels, equally as comprehensive, was the glory of those twin-intellects transmitted to the world. It flashes from the language of the one—it lives upon the canvass of the other.

But let us turn to the poetic resources of our native land—our home—our native land! Who would not behold the efforts of her genius crowned with the richest rewards of intellectual attainment? Child of the Earth's old age! Young—happy America! Why shall she not become the cradle of science—the regenerator of poetic Art? What land more worthy of becoming the nursery of Genius. Possessing a soil from whose fertility the ploughman reaps the richest reward of labor;—gladdened by the salutary influence of liberal institutions; and peopled by busy throngs of active, brave, and intellectual men,—what barrier can debar her sons from snatching the noblest triumphs of poetic Art, and wielding the literary sceptre of the world? Every thing, that can inspire the poet, is scattered in wild luxuriance around us. Heaven has infused into our scenery the climax of natural Poetry. We have majestic mountains, lovely lakes, and mighty rivers. We have caverns and cataracts, unrivalled in their grandeur. The hand of Spring, garments our hills in mantles of green, and paves our vales with flowers. Our Summer totters beneath the burden of luscious fruit; and then comes Autumn, scattering her thousand hues, and with the richest and loveliest tintings the commingling of colors can possibly produce, paints the landscape o'er.

Yet notwithstanding the natural sources of inspiration by which we are surrounded, how many pass them by, in their daily walk, as unworthy the contemplation of a moment. Does any unhappy individual attempt to imitate these glories, either in the poetry of language, or the equal poetry of painting, he is immediately looked upon as an indolent and unprofitable member of society. A Powers may starve, while a frothy mouthed demagogue can live in luxury. Genius, with all its claims, sinks beneath the weightier interests of Bank-stocks and traffic. Let the country protect, and patronise her poets, and her artists, and they will rear to her memory, monuments which shall never die. Whilst meditating upon the sublime works which look down from the walls of the Vatican, and gazing upon the unnumbered varieties of expression—of grand foreshortening, and of anatomical truth, how keenly must the American mind feel the barrenness of its native land, in similar productions?

The more we court the presence of Michael Angelo, and of Milton, the more bitterly do we perceive the errors of education and deficiencies of study, which have been the portion of our native poets and artists. It is through them that the mental greatness of our country must be handed down to future generations. The glory of Greece lives in her sculptured marbles, and in her poetry. To such master spirits as Phidias, Homer, and Praxiteles, she owes the transmission of the real characteristics of her institutions, and the development of her national greatness. Not only the grandest and most thrilling scenes of her history, but even the most trivial, by the enchanting touch of genius, became clothed with immortality. By patronising the efforts of that Genius, she has ennobled herself in national glory; and by preparing the intellects of her poets and artists—by a suitable education—their productions stand unrivaled in classic beauty. Upon the incessant study of these works, both Milton and Angelo based the sub-

limity of their productions. And when we behold the mental glories with which they have embellished foreign lands, we are forced to exclaim, "is there no genius in our native country? None to fight with ancient art, the battle of merit? None to engage in well adapted study, and, with lusty strength, build up the monuments of Art upon our own beloved soil?" She is full of genius; but it is poverty stricken! Poets are forced to seek a more lucrative pursuit, or starve! Artists are compelled to expend their days in the slavishness of portrait painting, and even go in rags at that. Selfishness and utilitarianism, is the mania of the age. Rarely has an Artist entered upon the study of his profession, without the language of rebuke, ringing, knell-like, in his ears. Parents, brothers, overly interested friends, and exceedingly wise old aunts, suddenly seized with prophetic keenness, become perfectly inexorable upon the subject. Persuasions, threats, gloomy forebodings, and every variety of stormy presentiment, whose tendency is to extinguish the fire of genius, are hurled upon the young victim of prophecy! Should he perseveringly continue in the path of his natural love, then comes down upon him the pent up cataract of anathemas. "Go! be a vile dauber—disgrace your birth-right—die in a garret—feed in the shambles, or beg from door to door!" And then—prompted by that spirit of materialism, which is blind to all spiritual loveliness—comes that withering expression, "You had far better turn your attention to something of greater utility." Nay, let him continue in his course—tis the out-breakings of that spirit, of natural poetry, which heaven has implanted in his breast. "What God has put together, let no man put asunder."

Severe anatomical study—a constant perusal of the most sublime poetic authors, with a knowledge of history, are the materials which enliven the intellect of the Artist with great designs. When his mind is thus cultivated, he never will bend to the teachings of false taste. His soul becomes too much enwrapt in the truths of his profession and the advancement of his country, to sacrifice either to the vanity of fashionable opinion. By the purity of his peculiar themes of study—cut off from participation in the baser passions of mankind, and possessing an imagination peopled with poetic visions—he becomes the happiest member of the human race. Although adversity may cast its shadow over his pathway, and poverty "glare upon him like a hungry snake," yet from the very circumstances by which he is surrounded, he gleans expressions, actions and characters, for delineation; and his soul is continually gladdened by the light of happy thoughts! His labors may stand unrewarded, by public panegyric—like Guseli, he may be despised by the portrait manufacturing Artists around him, and even the creditor may watch the bolted door of his studio,—but, wrapt in the midst of some classic theme, and enamoured with the ideal offspring of his own mind, the knowledge of worldly woe hangs lightly on his heart. He drinks deeply at the fountain of Roman, and Grecian lore. He wanders through the Earth's oldest history—feasts upon its rich profusion of eventful scenes, and in heroic out lines, bids their pulseless actors live! He is the classic of the land—the true—the genuine Artist! He moves amid the poetry of both the olden and the present age. With Homer, he scours the plains of Troy—with Virgil, traces the stormy track of the fleet of Aeneas—follows, o'er blackened rocks; the feet of Milton, and in the bosom of the red lake attends the councils of the fallen gods. The whole range of created matter and of spiritual existence, is the field in which he reaps his intellectual harvest. By contemplation of heavenly scenes, his soul becomes enrobed in christian thoughts, and by the study of the passions of mankind, he enriches his intellect with all the treasures of moral philosophy. He seizes upon the indications of the unseen mind, and infuses intellect into the very canvass. Thus he enters into the spiritual world. He deals with the mighty intellect—the mighty intellect—that hidden and mysterious actor of whom we know so little, and yet feel so much. He elevates the expression of his passions in the delineation of noble themes; and uses, as a vehicle, the human face to express the thoughts of Gods! He loves to wander in the woodland path—to behold the laughing waterfall—the old gray rocks, and all, that from his God, comes stamped with beauty and sublimity. Who has a soul more glad—a heart more filled with natural poetry—more worthy the appellation, "child of God," than he! His every thought is elevated; his soul is enlightened and enlarged, by contact with the nobleness of Nature.

Such was Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the bold and daring draughtsman—the natural poet—the christian—the architect—the intellectual giant, who enraptured the world with the beauty and sublimity of his designs—clothed even satire, in grandeur, and peopled barren walls with thought.

Random Sketches,

FOR THE CASKET.

THE RUINED FAMILY.

BY J. H. GREEN.

In the winter of 1836, I was a passenger on the steamboat Mediterranean, on her downward trip from Louisville, Ky., to New Orleans. The boat was crowded with passengers of every grade, and to the annoyance of the more respectable portion, were several who were equally notorious with myself, as gamblers. We were industrious, but not successful, until after we had passed Memphis, Tennessee. The boat landed at Memphis, and while there, each gambler took his station, in order to ascertain our prospects in the way of gaming, the remainder of our passage. I was seated upon the boiler-deck, and while there, I saw a youth, accompanied by an aged servant, with a portmanteau in his hand, making his way to the boat. The servant made halt when he reached the gangway, and his young master took the portmanteau in his hand and stepped on board. He immediately called for the Clerk, who was standing near me. I noticed him as he passed, and thought he might be a young man who would be fond of playing cards. I soon made the master known to two other gamblers, and we gave him an invitation to take a game of Whist, which he accepted with but little ceremony, other than saying he was an ordinary player. Deeming his apologies sufficient, he seated himself at the table, and we soon decided, by playing the two first games, that he and his partner were to pay for the cards. A proposition was then made for a bet of one dollar per corner, to which he did not object. He lost—was asked to double his bet—did so—and lost again; and continued losing, until what money he had with him, was exhausted. The game was then changed to that of Brag. The young man left the table, much excited—went to his stateroom—opened his portmanteau, and drew out a large package of bank bills, which he opened and took therefrom, and lost about twelve hundred dollars. He appeared maddened with excitement,—the color would come and go from his cheek, and it was not a hard matter to judge that his very soul was burning within him. We had just made him a bet of four hundred dollars; and before he had time to "call," the clerk came to the table and asked if he was the gentleman who wished to get off. "I am, sir," he said; and with the same breath, told to me turn over my cards that he "called" me;—the bell rang; he sprang from the table, caught his portmanteau in his hand, rushed to the guard, where he stopped, and cast his eye toward the village of Helena;—his looks, much less his thoughts, pen cannot describe. He turned upon his heel, and told the clerk not to stop the boat, as he had concluded to go to the city. He stepped into the cabin, where we were awaiting his return, with eight hundred dollars undecided upon the table. I reminded him that we waited to hear him tell the "size" of his cards.

"I had two aces and a bragger," said he,—precisely the same which I held; but the "age" giving me the preference, I was entitled by the rules of the game, to the money. He soon discovered, with grief, his loss, but played on, still continuing to lose. Several of the more respectable passengers tried to get him away from the table, but all their efforts were vain. The passion of gaming had taken possession of his heart, and held him spell-bound, to the hellish machinations of the gambler. We continued our play until his package containing five thousand dollars, was all in the hands of three hardened gamblers. When we arrived at the city, it was night. I took a carriage and went to a private boarding house, not wishing to meet the unfortunate youth. Several days had passed, when taking a stroll down Canal street, and as I crossed Camp, I beheld the victim I was trying to shun. He discovered me at the same time, but without taking a second look, I hastened down the street, and stepped into an exchange office, hoping by that means to escape his search. I had scarcely reached the door of the office, before he stood facing me. Oh! what a change was there! The youth that a few days previous, had appeared before me in all his fine attire, and with a flush of health upon his countenance, now exhibited a palid cheek, his clothing deranged, and filthy in appearance.

"Mr. Green," said he, his lips quivering, "I am glad to see you—I have been in search of you for two days. I have enquired for you in all of the principal hotels of the city, but none could give me any information respecting you."

I looked at him, and, though at that day a hardened gambler, yet his deplorable condition, made an impression upon me, never to be erased.

"Those men," continued he, "with whom we played, won

my money, my watch, my diamond breast-pin, and stripped me of all—not leaving me sufficient money to buy a meal of victuals. I found they had left me in a suffering condition, and immediately set out in pursuit of you. Two days and nights I have been seeking you. O! how glad I am, in finding you. I am very sick, sir—I am very hungry—I have walked the streets constantly. The young man who has my watch, said I might redeem it and my breast-pin, with one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I wish you to loan me sufficient money to redeem them. I will pay you, sir; indeed I will—my father is rich."

Here his voice faltered, and he paused. It was too much for even the most desperate gambler to withstand. "How much will answer your purpose?" said I.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, sir. If you will loan it to me, I will pay it, every cent, in a short time."

The money he asked of me, was nothing, compared to his ghastly features. I loaned it to him, not so much to assist him, as to avoid the dreadful lashings of a guilty conscience, which appeared to rend my inmost soul, as long as my victim was present. I counted to him the money, which he grasped—thanked me—turned upon his heel, and ran down the street, as it were to accomplish some act, upon the issue of which, his life depended.

I turned in another direction, and in a short time met one of the other gamblers, who helped fleece him. Upon enquiry, I learned that the third gambler had won the young man's watch and breast-pin, and had likewise promised to let him redeem them at one hundred and twenty-five dollars; but that as soon as he got the watch and pin, he left on a boat, for Natchez. I did not see, nor hear from the unfortunate young man, until the year 1838. I was stopping at the Louisville Hotel, when a gentleman came into the reading-room where I was seated. I noticed something singular about his movements—his eye glanced wildly over the several gentlemen who were seated near the tables, perusing newspapers. It finally rested steadily upon me. He advanced a few feet, and looking me in the face, asked if my name was Green. I answered in the affirmative.

"Will you please step into the next room?" said he.

I accompanied him into the sitting-room, and seating ourselves, he dropped his face into his hands and began to weep. His strange actions brought forth volumes of conjectures. Why he acted thus, I knew not. For few moments he wept bitterly—then raising his head, he asked me to pardon him.

"I know," said he, "I am a frail man. I have some serious questions to put to you, and I hope you will answer me candidly. Will you, sir?" looking at the same time as though he feared I would not.

I assured him it would be a source of much pleasure to me, to gratify his desire.

"Did you ever travel on board of the steamboat Mediterranean?"

"I have."

"Did you not travel on her down the Mississippi river, in the year 1836?"

"I did."

"Do you not remember, while at Memphis, that a youth came on board—played cards, and lost five thousand dollars?"

"I do."

"Did you loan him two hundred and fifty dollars, after his arrival in the city?"

"I did."

"Have you ever seen, or heard of him, since?"

"I have not."

He paused a few moments, as though he was unable to breathe—then with a voice, loud and tremulous, he cried,

"Do not say no, for God's sake, do not—it is my eldest son I enquire for."

I told him the second time, whereupon he covered his face with his hands, and wept convulsively. While he was in that attitude, I took my departure. It was a horrid sight for man to behold one of his fellow beings in such an unhappy situation. I took the next packet for Cincinnati, to prevent, if possible, the presence of one, among many, whom I had been instrumental in making miserable beings in this world, with little hope in the world to come. My interview with that father I had so sorrowfully afflicted, grated harshly upon my hardened heart. I heard nothing of the unfortunate family, during the remainder of my gambling career. In the spring of 1844, I was on my way to the east. The steamer was much crowded, and gaming was the principal amusement of many. It was "merely for amusement," as the gambler always says, when undertaking some wily scheme. I was promenading the cabin, reflecting on the sinful effects of gaming upon the char-

acter of its votaries, when I discovered an elderly lady anxiously gazing at the multitude of passengers. Her intense anxiety attracted my attention, and as I saw it rather increased, than diminished, to satisfy my curiosity, I watched her movements more closely. I seated myself in the ladies' cabin. The old lady was seated near the door leading to the after part of the boat. I had been seated but a few moments, ere two young ladies drew up a side table and began to spread the cloth, talking at the same time about a game of whist. One, however, said she preferred back-gammon, which they finally concluded to play. The board was opened, and as soon as the old lady discovered it, she turned her back upon them. I discovered that she had an aversion to gaming, which satisfied me that I might readily approach her.

"There is much gaming on this boat."

"Yes," she replied, "and I am truly sorry to see it!"

"I believe they are only 'playing for amusement,'" said I.

"All the same, in my view."

As she made the remark, the young ladies shut the back-gammon board, and each took up a book. I looked at the aged female who had thus rebuked their amusement, and discovered something in that frail form, and countenance furrowed by the rude blasts of misfortune, beyond the power of pen to describe. She appeared to be near fifty-five years of age, with keen black eyes, shaded with heavy eye-brows and eye-lashes. Her figure was tall and slender, yet commanding; not a smile played upon her face. She appeared to be a woman of thought.

I pressed my acquaintance, remarking that I was glad to see her take such a stand against gaming.

"All mankind, sir," said she, "should discountenance a vice so deleterious in its effects. I know, sir, by sad experience," continued she, with quivering lips—"yes, and could I but tell the sufferings I have endured in one night to any reflecting parents, they would never—no! never permit the minds of their children to be led from the paths of rectitude by the fearful vice of gambling."

As she expressed the last sentiment, she arose from her chair and walked several times through the ladies cabin. At length she seated herself, and I felt anxious for her to proceed, hoping she would reveal something which I could turn to good account. After a few moments she related the following horrid incident:—

"I was born and bred in the State of Tennessee. My father was a clergyman—my mother a pious woman, and both were indulgent to their children. Though my father considered gambling one of the most destructive vices, yet he had nothing to say against 'playing for amusement,' and permitted his children to play in his own parlor. It was at one of those parties of amusement, my husband offered his hand, which I accepted, and at a card party we were married. We had a family of four children—two girls and two boys. My youngest daughter died in infancy, and as my other children grew up, their father and myself frequently amused them with games of cards, and often their little playmates joined them. When they were old enough for school, we sent them to Augusta College. Their absence from home, soon made it a lonesome place for their father, who had been accustomed so long to their childish amusements. His temperament required excitement, and having a capital sufficient, he concluded to speculate in lands; and accordingly visited Helena, Arkansas, where he remained a few weeks. He then came home with the expectation of returning in a short time. It was about vacation, and we were daily expecting the arrival of our sons. Their father was very anxious to be with them during their stay at home, and returned immediately to Helena, to arrange his business. In a few days after his departure, I received a letter instructing me to send him, by our oldest son, five thousand dollars. Soon after I received the letter, my sons came home, and I immediately forwarded, by my eldest son, the required sum. He left, and I have not seen him since. He embarked on the steamboat Mediterranean, where he was solicited to play cards. He played, first the parlor game, called Whist,—became excited by being beaten, and was induced to play another game, which I believe, they called Brag—a game he knew nothing about. He lost, and continued to lose, until the five thousand dollars were gone. I received a letter from his father about ten days after his departure, enquiring why I had not answered his letter, and stating that he had not heard from home since he left. Great God! what a shock it was! I immediately took my youngest boy, and left for Helena. When we arrived, I learned that my son had not been heard from. We remained a few days, the Mediterranean, returning on her way to Louisville, gave us the horrible intelligence that our son had been ruined, by a class

of men, known as gamblers; and that a few days before she left, he had been on board of her without a dollar; that one of the gamblers had given him two hundred and fifty dollars to pay his expenses home, and that had been won from him in the same manner, by one of the same class, who led him to hope that he might repair his losses. His father without any delay took the first boat to New Orleans. I returned home, to wait in anxiety the return of my husband. Weeks and months passed, before I received any intelligence from husband or son. At last I received a letter from a friend of my husband, stating that he had not heard from our lost boy, and with the horrible intelligence, in despair, had resorted to the use of spirituous liquors. I was mad with grief, and left my home in pursuit of my husband. I arrived in New Orleans in the night. The next morning, I saw this friend, who gave me the heart rending news that my husband had left, but he knew not whither he had gone. The next morning I started for home, but found on my arrival, that nothing had been heard from either my husband or son. After two years, my husband did come; but oh! how changed! His frame, worn—his cheek pale, very pale—his eye wild and fevered—his lips parched and steeped in inebriety—his hopes crushed—his very life only the motion of excitement and of passion—his very soul shattered, so that if the music of affection still lingered there, it quivered uncertain and discordant upon its strings. His property he had encumbered, and thus poverty was added to wretchedness. He remained but a short time at home before he left again, in pursuit of his lost boy. He found one of the three men who had obtained my son's money, and asked him for information concerning his boy; but received none of importance. He returned home, heart broken. My daughter, during his absence the last time, was taken sick and lost her reason; and we placed her in an Asylum that her mind, if possible, might be restored. But she still remains in the same horrid state of derangement. My boy, too, has been impaired in mind, for four years. His father died in the year 1840, with the delirium tremens, since which time, my boy has sat for hours, writing him and his brother and sister letters, perfectly unconscious that they are doomed or dead. I am now residing in a house which once was my happy home; but alas! I am bereft of all earthly happiness. Nothing have I to cheer me. If at home, the constant murmuring of my lunatic son, is rushing through my ear—when abroad, the shrieks of my maniac girl, pierce my inmost soul; and when asleep, my slumbers are disturbed by dreadful dreams of my husband's and children's misfortunes, and of gambling scenes, in which I see them ruined.

Now, sir, have I not a right to dislike gaming, in every form?"

I told her she had—arose and went into my state-room, with feelings indescribable; and however great might have been my curiosity to have heard that broken-hearted mother's tale of sorrow when she seated herself to give me the history, I would have given more money than I ever possessed, had I not learned from her lips that I was one of those three gamblers who had effected the ruin of her son, and thereby destroyed the peace and enjoyment of that once happy family. But I have not riches, nor power to restore them to reason and prosperity. The most I can do, is to warn others of the abyss, and hope that all who may read this truthful narrative, will consider this destructive vice in its true light, and banish it from the land, by training their children to forever avoid it.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotion of the breast, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps.—Despise not woman's tears—they are what makes her an angel—scorn not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy—there is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

Evils in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

THE CASKET.

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, MAY 6, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

AS THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER RESIDES IN LAWRENCEBURGH, INDIANA, ALL LETTERS OF BUSINESS, COMMUNICATIONS, &c., (POST PAID) MUST BE DIRECTED TO HIM AT THAT PLACE.

TO READERS.

"Night," by WILLIAM WALCOTT, found on our first page, is a very pleasing effusion.

"Self Command," in this No., it will be seen is the commencement of a series from the pen of L. A. HINE, ESQ.

"Poetry of Art," by J. G. DUNN, contains many fine points.

"The Ruined Family," by J. H. GREEN, whatever may be its merits as a literary production, it undoubtedly possesses one, which many literary productions do not; and that is, straight forward fact—with a moral.

With much other original, and selected matter—news, editorial, &c., we present our paper to the reader—hoping to receive a few approving smiles, and some cash in return.

We are, in part, indebted to the kindness of a friend for our leading editorial in this No.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No attention will be paid to ANONYMOUS articles. All contributions, intended for publication, must be accompanied with the real name of the author. Those who do not wish their names to appear publicly, can have them withheld by addressing a confidential note to the editor.

"L'Esperance," by our old and esteemed friend, GEORGE HATCH, ESQ., of New York, has been received and placed on file for publication. We were heartily glad to hear from him, and sincerely hope he will remember us often.

"Helen," shall be attended to next week; her communication came too late for farther notice, in this No.

"Tom Winans," we regret to say, will not answer our purpose. We have not time to make the alterations proposed by the author. Will he favor us with the others spoken of, in his last?

"Love's Last Lay" a poem, by W. R. L., is accepted, and will soon appear. Will the author of this, be good enough to forward us those "tales," he spoke of?

"The Lost Ship," by ROSA, of Lexington, Ky., is on file for insertion. Will she still continue her favors?

"To Myra," is also on file.

"The Call to Liberty," exhibits a carelessness in composition; besides it is ANONYMOUS. "The sleeping child" Do.

"Human life," is, also, anonymous.

Our friend W. of Columbus, O., will please accept our thanks for his favor; all such are ever welcome.

A. J. McDonald, Esq. of Albany, N. Y., is respectfully informed his request of us shall be attended to before the expiration of time set; viz. 10th of June. Press of business has thus far prevented.

INFLUENCE.

Wise is he who candidly considers the influence of his conduct. It is impossible for any reflecting man to lead a course of life hostile to his own best interests, and the welfare of his fellows. Reader, were you convinced that a habit in which you indulge will, if continued, inevitably cut off twenty years of your life, destroy your happiness for twenty years more, and render miserable many of your friends who follow your example, would you not immediately dissolve the spell and endeavor to repair broken laws by the strictest obedience? Many in fact all may be said to be thoughtlessly vicious; for after they look back upon their paths of life and see the beautiful flowers they have ruthlessly trodden under foot, and the thistles and thorns they have planted and cultivated, they are led to exclaim with the poet,

"Alas! it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part—
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."

Man does not truly consider the nature of influence. The human family may be said to be one complete body, and each individual a member of that body. Each is a part of the grand whole, and if any of the parts be injured the whole must certainly suffer. The hand is an essential part of the physical frame, and if that be disabled or stricken off, not only is the

natural symmetry marred, but the pain of the wound is communicated through the whole, and a perpetual inconvenience entailed. The different members of the body are connected together by bones, ligatures, nerves, muscles, &c., and the current of vitality is communicated and infused through the whole.

All mankind are joined in one by equally delicate and sensitive ties. One cannot obtain subsistence without the aid of another—the business operations of life cannot be conducted without the co-operation of all—the youth cannot be protected and educated, without a parent's and instructor's care—the sick and infirm cannot be ministered unto, but by the kindness of friends,—all the enjoyments and pleasures of life result from the harmony of man with man. The sympathies and affections, are the delicate nerves which join all the members of the great body of Humanity,—these are sensible of the slightest touch, and when stricken harshly in the person of one member, no matter how inferior, the shock is communicated through the whole social body.

Thus we are enabled to discover why the influence of the conduct of one, is exerted upon all. The trees of the forest stand closely together—grow up in beauty and grandeur, kindly interlocking their branches, and the leaves mutually salute one another. The storm may arise, the blasts beat against that forest, but unitedly the trees stand up against the shock, and no injury is done. But let that forest be felled and one solitary tree permitted to stand,—its huge trunk reels in the gentle breeze, and the first gust of wind prostrates it to the ground.

Our influence does not terminate with our existence. Generations will feel every wound we inflict.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOHN THE BOLD—OR THE WHITE HOOD AND FLAYER'S—is the title of a historical novel, written by W. H. CARPENTER, which we have just received. The scene of this novel is laid in France, in the fifteenth century, at the time when Philip Duke of Burgundy, having deceased, the reins of the government were assumed by Louis of Orleans, brother of the unfortunate Charles the sixth, surnamed the "well-beloved." John Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the "Bold," son of Charles, succeeding to the titles, and part of the possessions of his father about this period, determined to overthrow the Orleanois, and more fully establish his own jurisdiction. On these events, and the exciting scenes which succeeded, this novel is founded. We should have liked it better, had it been handled in a different manner. The dramatical construction of its different scenes presents too much sameness, and too much attempt on the part of its author for strong phrases—with but little, or no pathos; a style which, let it be never so well handled, may strike forcibly the ear, but will never reach the heart. As far as its historical facts are concerned, it is valuable. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati, O., and by JOHN FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh, Ind.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE.—We see by the May No. of this valuable magazine, that Arthur's has been united with it; and, judging by the array of talent in the No. before us, it will be able to successfully compete with the best of its contemporaries. It is embellished with an engraving called the "Happy Family," and truly a happy group it seems. Also, "Fashions for Children," "Summer Fashions," &c., besides a piece of original music. Its contents are of a high order of excellence. EDGAR A. POE, ESQ., has an article in it containing his critical opinions on the "Literati of New York," which, in our judgment, is alone worth the price of the magazine. Mr. Poe has few, or no equals, as a critique; and we know of no American writer that could have been selected to fill the post he has undertaken, with so much ability. Whatever may be the opinions of others, for ourself, we can say, we have ever read his writings with deep interest. There is an originality about his style, that we like. The article before us is vigorous, pointed, and tersely written. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati—JOHN FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh.

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.—This monthly, we think, is decidedly improving. The May No. is embellished with a fashion plate, and a fine engraving, entitled the "Death-bed of Washington"—with a piece of Music. It presents a host of contributors, among whom we notice the names of Paulding, Tuckerman, Barry Cornwall, John Inman, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Caroline H. Bulter, Miss Emily E. Chubbuck, F. E. F., &c. &c.—which are sufficient guarantees of its literary merit. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati—JOHN FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh.

LADY'S NATIONAL, for May, is embellished with engravings, the "Farewell," and "Spring and Summer fashions." Its contents are mostly from lady writers, numbering such names as Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Caroline Orne, Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Miss Florence Gray, and a host of other well known talented writers. For sale by F. SCHMEGMAN, 26, 3d street, west of Main, Cincinnati, O.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—We have received No. 100, of this truly valuable work, and are decidedly pleased with its arrangement and contents. The printing is superb, and the paper clean and good, with a light shade of blue—just enough to give the whole a pleasing effect. Its contents are made up of selections from over twenty different foreign periodicals, as well as from all the best of American publications. It is worthy of patronage. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati—JOHN FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh.

"Ohio Cultivator" will please accept our thanks for the back No's. sent us.

PAUPERISM.

We cannot too closely attend to the condition of the poor. Poverty is not only a great inconvenience, but a great curse. It is productive of much misery—more than those in good condition ever dream of until they are forced by adversity to feel its blighting scourge. Our philanthropy, therefore, should induce us to look at this matter and determine if possible, the causes of, and means of preventing poverty. Some idea of its extent can be formed from the following statistics we gather from an address recently delivered before the "Society for the prevention of pauperism," in Boston, by John T. Sargent.

The number of paupers supported by the Commonwealth the past year is, 14,161; of which, 3,592 were foreigners, and 2,973 were from England and Ireland. The number of Alms houses is 187, in which have been supported, 4,227 persons, at an expense of \$301,360. In the city of Boston there are reported 3,593 paupers, upon whom were expended during the past year, \$45,000. Of the City-paupers, 1,600 were made so by intemperance—which was also the cause of more than half of the commitments to the "House of Correction." From Prof. Brooks' remarks on Europe, the following facts are obtained. In Belgium, one sixth of the population are poor, and most of them in extreme want. In Holland, there are twelve paupers, to every hundred inhabitants. In Prussia, since 1815, the number of the poor was quadrupled. In Austria, they are rapidly increasing. Half the inhabitants of Venice are said to be destitute. In Germany, the rapid advance of pauperism is the motive which drives so many to this country. At Copenhagen the poor tax has doubled within the past ten years. At Stockholm, they have increased during the last hundred years in the proportion of one, to fifteen. In some of the Cantons of Switzerland, the peasants have renounced their citizenship for the purpose of escaping the payment of enormous poor rates. The same facts are officially stated of Piedmont, Italy, Spain and Portugal. Paris has 30,000 paupers registered at its Bureau of Beneficence, and 60,000 more are said to live on the products of crime. The city of Lisle has 25,000 poor, among 70,000 inhabitants; and Mentz, Strasbourg, Lyons, Bordeaux, are almost devoured by this lamentable evil.

From these facts, it will be seen that there is an ample field for the most active Benevolence. Who is so dull in the "inner man," as to pass this matter by with indifference? Alas, there is little "flesh in man's obdurate heart," if he cannot sympathise with his suffering fellows—if he cannot "feel for man," and attempt to relieve his woes.

HIRAM POWERS.

This distinguished Sculptor has been selected by Congress to execute some work for the capitol. Some years ago, a poor drunken artist sculptured a monument in Cincinnati, in the best style of the art. This work excited much curiosity, and called into action the genius of others who thought they could also use the chisel to good advantage. Among these were Clevenger and Powers, who have won renown for the West, as well as themselves. Others are coming into notice, among whom is our friend, THOS. D. JONES, whose ingenuity in perfecting whatever he has undertaken in the art, is a warranty that he will attain a high position as a Sculptor. He is the very man to succeed, for he has struggled against poverty without being disheartened, resolving, let come what would, to persevere in his calling. This is evidence of the MAN—that he will STAND UP in his true vocation against every obstacle. Success to him.

my money, my watch, my diamond breast-pin, and stripped me of all—not leaving me sufficient money to buy a meal of victuals. I found they had left me in a suffering condition, and immediately set out in pursuit of you. Two days and nights I have been seeking you. O! how glad I am, in finding you. I am very sick, sir—I am very hungry—I have walked the streets constantly. The young man who has my watch, said I might redeem it and my breast-pin, with one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I wish you to loan me sufficient money to redeem them. I will pay you, sir; indeed I will—my father is rich."

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"Will you please step into the next room?" said he.

I accompanied him into the sitting-room, and seating ourselves, he dropped his face into his hands and began to weep. His strange actions brought forth volumes of conjecture. Why he acted thus, I knew not. For a few moments he wept bitterly—then raising his head, he asked me to pardon him.

"I know," said he, "I am a frail man. I have some serious questions to put to you, and I hope you will answer me candidly. Will you, sir?" looking at the same time as though he feared I would not.

I assured him it would be a source of much pleasure to me, to gratify his desire.

"Did you ever travel on board of the steamboat Mediterranean?"

"I have."

"Did you not travel on her down the Mississippi river, in the year 1836?"

"I did."

"Do you not remember, while at Memphis, that a youth came on board—played cards, and lost five thousand dollars?"

"I do."

"Did you loan him two hundred and fifty dollars, after his arrival in the city?"

"I did."

"Have you ever seen, or heard of him, since?"

"I have not."

He paused a few moments, as though he was unable to breathe—then with a voice, loud and tremulous, he cried,

"Do not say no, for God's sake, do not—it is my eldest son I enquire for."

I told him the second time, whereupon he covered his face with his hands, and wept convulsively. While he was in that attitude, I took my departure. It was a horrid sight for man to behold one of his fellow beings in such an unhappy situation. I took the next packet for Cincinnati, to prevent, if possible, the presence of one, among many, whom I had been instrumental in making miserable beings in this world, with little hope in the world to come. My interview with that father I had so sorrowfully afflicted, grated harshly upon my hardened heart. I heard nothing of the unfortunate family, during the remainder of my gambling career. In the spring of 1844, I was on my way to the east. The steamer was much crowded, and gaming was the principal amusement of many. It was "merely for amusement," as the gambler always says, when undertaking some wily scheme. I was promenading the cabin, reflecting on the sinful effects of gaming upon the char-

acter of its votaries, when I discovered an elderly lady anxiously gazing at the multitude of passengers. Her intense anxiety attracted my attention, and as I saw it rather increased, than diminished, to satisfy my curiosity, I watched her movements more closely. I seated myself in the ladies' cabin. The old lady was seated near the door leading to the after part of the boat. I had been seated but a few moments, ere two young ladies drew up a side table and began to spread the cloth, talking at the same time about a game of whist. One, however, said she preferred back-gammon, which they finally concluded to play. The board was opened, and as soon as the old lady discovered it, she turned her back upon them. I discovered that she had an aversion to gaming, which satisfied me that I might readily approach her.

"There is much gaming on this boat."

"Yes," she replied, "and I am truly sorry to see it."

"I believe they are only 'playing for amusement,'" said I.

"All the same, in my view."

As she made the remark, the young ladies shut the back-gammon board, and each took up a book. I looked at the aged female who had thus rebuked their amusement, and discovered something in that frail form, and countenance furrowed by the rude blasts of misfortune, beyond the power of pen to describe. She appeared to be near fifty-five years of age, with keen black eyes, shaded with heavy eye-brows and eye-lashes. Her figure was tall and slender, yet commanding; not a smile played upon her face. She appeared to be a woman of thought.

I pressed my acquaintance, remarking that I was glad to see her take such a stand against gaming.

"All mankind, sir," said she, "should discountenance a vice so deleterious in its effects. I know, sir, by sad experience," continued she, with quivering lips—"yes, and could I but tell the sufferings I have endured in one night to any reflecting parents, they would never—no! never permit the minds of their children to be led from the paths of rectitude by the fearful vice of gambling."

As she expressed the last sentiment, she arose from her chair and walked several times through the ladies cabin. At length she seated herself, and I felt anxious for her to proceed, hoping she would reveal something which I could turn to good account. After a few moments she related the following horrid incident:—

"I was born and bred in the State of Tennessee. My father was a clergyman—my mother a pious woman, and both were indulgent to their children. Though my father considered gambling one of the most destructive vices, yet he had nothing to say against 'playing for amusement,' and permitted his children to play in his own parlor. It was at one of those parties of amusement, my husband offered his hand, which I accepted, and at a card party we were married. We had a family of four children—two girls and two boys. My youngest daughter died in infancy, and as my other children grew up, their father and myself frequently amused them with games of cards, and often their little playmates joined them. When they were old enough for school, we sent them to Augusta College. Their absence from home, soon made it a lonesome place for their father, who had been accustomed so long to their childish amusements. His temperament required excitement, and having a capital sufficient, he concluded to speculate in lands; and accordingly visited Helena, Arkansas, where he remained a few weeks. He then came home with the expectation of returning in a short time. It was about vacation, and we were daily expecting the arrival of our sons. Their father was very anxious to be with them during their stay at home, and returned immediately to Helena, to arrange his business. In a few days after his departure, I received a letter instructing me to send him, by our oldest son, five thousand dollars. Soon after I received the letter, my sons came home, and I immediately forwarded, by my eldest son, the required sum. He left, and I have not seen him since. He embarked on the steamboat Mediterranean, where he was solicited to play cards. He played, first the parlor game, called Whist,—became excited by being beaten, and was induced to play another game, which I believe, they called Brag—a game he knew nothing about. He lost, and continued to lose, until the five thousand dollars were gone. I received a letter from his father about ten days after his departure, enquiring why I had not answered his letter, and stating that he had not heard from home since he left. Great God! what a shock it was! I immediately took my youngest boy, and left for Helena. When we arrived, I learned that my son had not been heard from. We remained a few days, the Mediterranean, returning on her way to Louisville, gave us the horrible intelligence that our son had been ruined, by a class

of men, known as gamblers; and that a few days before she left, he had been on board of her without a dollar; that one of the gamblers had given him two hundred and fifty dollars to pay his expenses home, and that had been won from him in the same manner, by one of the same class, who led him to hope that he might repair his losses. His father without any delay took the first boat to New Orleans. I returned home, to wait in anxiety the return of my husband. Weeks and months passed, before I received any intelligence from husband or son. At last I received a letter from a friend of my husband, stating that he had not heard from our lost boy, and with the horrible intelligence, in despair, had resorted to the use of spirituous liquors. I was mad with grief, and left my home in pursuit of my husband. I arrived in New Orleans in the night. The next morning, I saw this friend, who gave me the heart rending news that my husband had left, but he knew not whither he had gone. The next morning I started for home, but found on my arrival, that nothing had been heard from either my husband or son. After two years, my husband did come; but oh! how changed! His frame, worn—his cheek pale, very pale—his eye wild and fevered—his lips parched and steeped in inebriety—his hopes crushed—his very life only the motion of excitement and of passion—his very soul shattered, so that if the music of affection still lingered there, it quivered uncertain and discordant upon its strings. His property he had encumbered, and thus poverty was added to wretchedness. He remained but a short time at home before he left again, in pursuit of his lost boy. He found one of the three men who had obtained my son's money, and asked him for information concerning his boy; but received none of importance. He returned home, heart broken. My daughter, during his absence the last time, was taken sick and lost her reason; and we placed her in an Asylum that her mind, if possible, might be restored. But she still remains in the same horrid state of derangement. My boy, too, has been impaired in mind, for four years. His father died in the year 1840, with the delirium tremens, since which time, my boy has sat for hours, writing him and his brother and sister letters, perfectly unconscious that they are doomed or dead. I am now residing in a house which once was my happy home; but alas! I am bereft of all earthly happiness. Nothing have I to cheer me. If at home, the constant murmuring of my lunatic son, is rushing through my ear—when abroad, the shrieks of my maniac girl, pierce my inmost soul; and when asleep, my slumbers are disturbed by dreadful dreams of my husband's and children's misfortunes, and of gambling scenes, in which I see them ruined.

Now, sir, have I not a right to dislike gaming, in every form?"

I told her she had—arose and went into my state-room, with feelings indescribable; and however great might have been my curiosity to have heard that broken-hearted mother's tale of sorrow when she seated herself to give me the history. I would have given more money than I ever possessed, had I not learned from her lips that I was one of those three gamblers who had effected the ruin of her son, and thereby destroyed the peace and enjoyment of that once happy family. But I have not riches, nor power to restore them to reason and prosperity. The most I can do, is to warn others of the abyss, and hope that all who may read this truthful narrative, will consider this destructive vice in its true light, and banish it from the land, by training their children to forever avoid it.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotion of the breast, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps.—Despise not woman's tears—they are what makes her an angel—scorn not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy—there is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

Evils in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, MAY 6, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

AS THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER RESIDES IN LAWRENCEBURGH, INDIANA, ALL LETTERS OF BUSINESS, COMMUNICATIONS, &c., (POST PAID) MUST BE DIRECTED TO HIM AT THAT PLACE.

TO READERS.

"Night," by WILLIAM WALCOTT, found on our first page, is a very pleasing effusion.

"Self Command," in this No., it will be seen is the commencement of a series from the pen of L. A. HINE, ESQ.

"Poetry of Art," by J. G. DUNN, contains many fine points.

"The Ruined Family," by J. H. GREEN, whatever may be its merits as a literary production, it undoubtedly possesses one, which many literary productions do not; and that is, straight forward fact—with a moral.

With much other original, and selected matter—news, editorial, &c., we present our paper to the reader—hoping to receive a few approving smiles, and some cash in return.

WE are, in part, indebted to the kindness of a friend for our leading editorial in this No.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No attention will be paid to ANONYMOUS articles. All contributions, intended for publication, must be accompanied with the real name of the author. Those who do not wish their names to appear publicly, can have them withheld by addressing a confidential note to the editor.

"L'Esperance," by our old and esteemed friend, GEORGE HATCH, ESQ., of New York, has been received and placed on file for publication. We were heartily glad to hear from him, and sincerely hope he will remember us often.

"Helen," shall be attended to next week; her communication came too late for farther notice, in this No.

"Tom Winans," we regret to say, will not answer our purpose. We have not time to make the alterations proposed by the author. Will he favor us with the others spoken of, in his last?

"Love's Last Lay" a poem, by W. R. L., is accepted, and will soon appear. Will the author of this, be good enough to forward us those "tales;" he spoke of?

"The Lost Ship," by ROSA, of Lexington, Ky., is on file for insertion. Will she still continue her favors?

"To Myra," is also on file.

"The Call to Liberty," exhibits a carelessness in composition; besides it is ANONYMOUS. "The sleeping child" Do.

"Human life," is, also, anonymous.

Our friend W. of Columbus, O., will please accept our thanks for his favor; all such are ever welcome.

A. J. McDonald, Esq. of Albany, N. Y., is respectfully informed his request of us shall be attended to before the expiration of time set; viz. 10th of June. Press of business has thus far prevented.

INFLUENCE.

Wise is he who candidly considers the influence of his conduct. It is impossible for any reflecting man to lead a course of life hostile to his own best interests, and the welfare of his fellows. Reader, were you convinced that a habit in which you indulge will, if continued, inevitably cut off twenty years of your life, destroy your happiness for twenty years more, and render miserable many of your friends who follow your example, would you not immediately dissolve the spell and endeavor to repair broken laws by the strictest obedience? Many in fact all may be said to be thoughtlessly vicious; for after they look back upon their paths of life and see the beautiful flowers they have ruthlessly trodden under foot, and the thistles and thorns they have planted and cultivated, they are led to exclaim with the poet,

"Alas! it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part—
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."

Man does not truly consider the nature of influence. The human family may be said to be one complete body, and each individual a member of that body. Each is a part of the grand whole, and if any of the parts be injured the whole must certainly suffer. The hand is an essential part of the physical frame, and if that be disabled or stricken off, not only is the

natural symmetry marred, but the pain of the wound is communicated through the whole, and a perpetual inconvenience entailed. The different members of the body are connected together by bones, ligatures, nerves, muscles, &c., and the current of vitality is communicated and infused through the whole.

All mankind are joined in one by equally delicate and sensitive ties. One cannot obtain subsistence without the aid of another—the business operations of life cannot be conducted without the co-operation of all—the youth cannot be protected and educated, without a parent's and instructor's care—the sick and infirm cannot be ministered unto, but by the kindness of friends,—all the enjoyments and pleasures of life result from the harmony of man with man. The sympathies and affections, are the delicate nerves which join all the members of the great body of Humanity,—these are sensible of the slightest touch, and when stricken harshly in the person of one member, no matter how inferior, the shock is communicated through the whole social body.

Thus we are enabled to discover why the influence of the conduct of one, is exerted upon all. The trees of the forest stand closely together—grow up in beauty and grandeur, kindly interlocking their branches, and the leaves mutually salute one another. The storm may arise, the blasts beat against that forest, but unitedly the trees stand up against the shock, and no injury is done. But let that forest be felled and one solitary tree permitted to stand,—its huge trunk reels in the gentle breeze, and the first gust of wind prostrates it to the ground.

Our influence does not terminate with our existence. Generations will feel every wound we inflict.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOHN THE BOLD—OR THE WHITE HOOD AND FLAYER'S—is the title of a historical novel, written by W. H. CARPENTER, which we have just received. The scene of this novel is laid in France, in the fifteenth century, at the time when Philip Duke of Burgundy, having deceased, the reins of the government were assumed by Louis of Orleans, brother of the unfortunate Charles the sixth, surnamed the "well-beloved." John Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the "Bold," son of Charles, succeeding to the titles, and part of the possessions of his father about this period, determined to overthrow the Orleanois, and more fully establish his own jurisdiction. On these events, and the exciting scenes which succeeded, this novel is founded. We should have liked it better, had it been handled in a different manner. The dramatical construction of its different scenes presents too much sameness, and too much attempt on the part of its author for strong phrases—with but little, or no pathos; a style which, let it be never so well handled, may strike forcibly the ear, but will never reach the heart. As far as its historical facts are concerned, it is valuable. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati, O., and by JOHN FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh, Ind.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE.—We see by the May No. of this valuable magazine, that Arthur's has been united with it; and, judging by the array of talent in the No. before us, it will be able to successfully compete with the best of its contemporaries. It is embellished with an engraving called the "Happy Family," and truly a happy group it seems. Also, "Fashions for Children," "Summer Fashions," &c., besides a piece of original music. Its contents are of a high order of excellence. EDGAR A. POE, ESQ., has an article in it containing his critical opinions on the "Literati of New York," which, in our judgment, is alone worth the price of the magazine. Mr. Poe has few, or no equals, as a critique; and we know of no American writer that could have been selected to fill the post he has undertaken, with so much ability. Whatever may be the opinions of others, for ourself, we can say, we have ever read his writings with deep interest. There is an originality about his style, that we like. The article before us is vigorous, pointed, and tersely written. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati—JOHN FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh.

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.—This monthly, we think, is decidedly improving. The May No. is embellished with a fashion plate, and a fine engraving, entitled the "Death-bed of Washington"—with a piece of Music. It presents a host of contributors, among whom we notice the names of Paulding, Tuckerman, Barry Cornwall, John Inman, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Caroline H. Bulter, Miss Emily E. Chubbuck, F. E. F., &c. &c. &c.—which are sufficient guarantees of its literary merit. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati—JOHN FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh.

LADY'S NATIONAL for May, is embellished with engravings, the "Farewell," and "Spring and Summer fashions." Its contents are mostly from lady writers, numbering such names as Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Caroline Orne, Mrs. Caroline M. Sawyer, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Miss Florence Gray, and a host of other well known talented writers. For sale by F. SCHMEGMAN, 26, 3d street, west of Main, Cincinnati, O.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—We have received No. 100, of this truly valuable work, and are decidedly pleased with its arrangement and contents. The printing is superb, and the paper clean and good, with a light shade of blue—just enough to give the whole a pleasing effect. Its contents are made up of selections from over twenty different foreign periodicals, as well as from all the best of American publications. It is worthy of patronage. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati—JOHN FERRIS, Lawrenceburgh.

"Ohio Cultivator" will please accept our thanks for the back No.'s sent us.

PAUPERISM.

We cannot too closely attend to the condition of the poor. Poverty is not only a great inconvenience, but a great curse. It is productive of much misery—more than those in good condition ever dream of until they are forced by adversity to feel its blighting scourge. Our philanthropy, therefore, should induce us to look at this matter and determine if possible, the causes of, and means of preventing poverty. Some idea of its extent can be formed from the following statistics we gather from an address recently delivered before the "Society for the prevention of pauperism," in Boston, by John T. Sargent.

The number of paupers supported by the Commonwealth the past year is, 14,161; of which, 3,582 were foreigners, and 2,973 were from England and Ireland. The number of Alms houses is 137, in which have been supported, 4,227 persons, at an expense of \$301,360. In the city of Boston there are reported 3,593 paupers, upon whom were expended during the past year, \$45,000. Of the City-paupers, 1,600 were made so by intemperance—which was also the cause of more than half of the commitments to the "House of Correction." From Prof. Brooks' remarks on Europe, the following facts are obtained. In Belgium, one sixth of the population are poor, and most of them in extreme want. In Holland, there are twelve paupers, to every hundred inhabitants. In Prussia, since 1815, the number of the poor was quadrupled. In Austria, they are rapidly increasing. Half the inhabitants of Venice are said to be destitute. In Germany, the rapid advance of pauperism is the motive which drives so many to this country. At Copenhagen the poor tax has doubled within the past ten years. At Stockholm, they have increased during the last hundred years in the proportion of one, to fifteen. In some of the Cantons of Switzerland, the peasants have renounced their citizenship for the purpose of escaping the payment of enormous poor rates. The same facts are officially stated of Piedmont, Italy, Spain and Portugal. Paris has 30,000 paupers registered at its Bureau of Benevolence, and 60,000 more are said to live on the products of crime. The city of Lisle has 25,000 poor, among 70,000 inhabitants; and Mentz, Strasbourg, Lyons, Bordeaux, are almost devoured by this lamentable evil.

From these facts, it will be seen that there is an ample field for the most active Benevolence. Who is so dull in the "inner man," as to pass this matter by with indifference? Alas, there is little "flesh in man's obdurate heart," if he cannot sympathise with his suffering fellows—if he cannot "feel for man," and attempt to relieve his woes.

HIRAM POWERS.

This distinguished Sculptor has been selected by Congress to execute some work for the capitol. Some years ago, a poor drunken artist sculptured a monument in Cincinnati, in the best style of the art. This work excited much curiosity, and called into action the genius of others who thought they could also use the chisel to good advantage. Among these were Clevenger and Powers, who have won renown for the West, as well as themselves. Others are coming into notice, among whom is our friend, THOS. D. JONES, whose ingenuity in perfecting whatever he has undertaken in the art, is a warranty that he will attain a high position as a Sculptor. He is the very man to succeed, for he has struggled against poverty without being disheartened, resolving, let come what would, to persevere in his calling. This is evidence of the MAN—that he will STAND UP in his true vocation against every obstacle. Success to him.

Selected.

THE BENEFACTOR.

(A SKETCH FROM THE FRENCH OF BERTHOUD.)

BY B. S. BARCLAY.

THE music allotted to the part of Desdemona in the exquisitely pathetic opera OTELLO, cannot be sung by a person of ordinary sensibility without profound emotion; then, what must be its effect upon a young, enthusiastic and sensitive being, pouring out in tones of thrilling melody, those sublime passages, entrancing a worshiping audience, who mingle with the shouts of their applause, gifts of gems, and showers of roses! Nevertheless, it was not alone the power of the music, or the gratulations of an inspired auditory, that excited in the bosom of the lovely and gifted CANTATRICE, on this evening of which I am about to speak, those convulsive tremblings, and that overwhelming agitation.

When the curtain, in falling, cast its shadow, vast and dark as the wing of Death, over the couch where lay her whose strains still vibrated upon the raptured ears of thousands, she remained as motionless, as pale and cold, as if the poignard of the jealous Moor had in reality penetrated her heart. The TENORE, (Bordogni,) feeling alarmed, hastened to her assistance, and finding that she had fainted, bore her in his arms to a side scene, where a rush of fresh air might revive animation. But who is he that now approaches with a distracted air, and raising her in his arms, quickly places her upon a lounge in his private box, which opens on the stage, where he is seen to exert in the tenderest manner every effort for her recovery? We shall call him the Count Arnold.

Motionless she remained for some minutes. With dishevelled hair and white drapery, her classic features cold and pale as marble, she resembled the statue of a tomb! At length a sigh agitated her breast; her heavy eyelids were slowly uplifted; and her vacant glance, troubled by the brilliancy of the lights, wandered around, without being able, at first, to recognize any one; then, as it fell upon the count, she moaned forth in scarcely audible words, 'Alas! Arnold, and have you not then departed?'

'I had not the courage,' he replied, in a voice of deep emotion.

'And I — how shall I find courage to support a second parting?' said she, unguardedly giving utterance to an expression that betrayed the sentiments she wished to conceal in the deepest recesses of her heart.

The count seized the hand that hung lifeless at her side, and with passionate ardour, exclaimed, 'Henriette, you love me then! — YOU, who but yesterday bade me adieu in words so cold, so harsh!'

Henriette covered her face, now bathed in crimson, with both hands, and faltering, said, 'Alas! ought we not to separate when the social barrier that divides us can never be removed.'

'Nay, Henriette, what matters vain prejudices? what matters the world when our happiness, when my existence is at stake? for now to leave you would be to die!'

'I am very feeble this evening, and agitated by exertion; to prolong this interview would destroy the little resolution that remains; and besides, we are only preparing for ourselves to-day, the bitterest grief for to-morrow. Leave me, Count Arnold; I bid you adieu.'

'No! I will never leave you until you have promised to see me again.' And he resolutely seated himself near her.

'Here, in this theatre, many eyes are upon us; and if you should call to see me on the morrow, they will not fail to calumniate "the imprudent Henriette," should I receive you, Arnold, be generous.'

He replied only by seating himself more firmly in his chair.

'To-morrow evening,' she added, after a moment's reflection, 'I am going to sing at a FETE to be given by Monsieur * * * at his country seat. You are invited. There, perhaps, I shall find an opportunity to tell you many things; to make disclosures, which perchance may separate us forever: but you shall know all.'

At these words the count turned pale, and seemed ready to faint.

'I perceive, MONSIEUR LE COUNT,' continued Henriette sorrowfully, 'that my words have sufficed to fill your heart with doubts, perhaps with contempt. Banish, nevertheless, your prejudicial thoughts; for among the secrets I will confide to you, you shall discover no fault.'

Falling on his knees before her, he implored pardon. 'To-morrow!' whispered Henriette in a tone of kindness; and then

they separated — exchanging those looks so fraught with mingled pain and pleasure.

On the morrow both arrived at the FETE. Never was there displayed more dazzling pomp. Human ingenuity had apparently exhausted itself in devising fantastical amusements.

In an extensive park three theatres were erected. LE THEATRE DE VARIETE was awarded to the management of Potier; another, the VAUDEVILLE, to Joly; the third, to Italian ARTISTES and opera singers, who were to take part in the concert. At a little distance were discovered preparations for fire-works on a magnificent scale. Immensely long tables, covered with the most luxuriant viands, extended through avenues, bordered with trees, which were thickly hung with variegated lamps, shedding around their strange and brilliant glare. There was in these preparations an excess of splendor, which inspired in the minds of some a vague distrust.

At a given signal from the host, the concert commenced. Soon it was Henriette's turn to sing; and when she appeared, a murmur of admiration arose from the crowd; for never had the PRIMA-DONNA shone with such transcendent loveliness. A smile of serenity played around her lips; and tears, which had given her eyes such an expression of languor on the previous evening, had disappeared. With enchanting grace she received the plaudits of the assembly; and casting around a placid glance, commenced in soul-subduing tones, that delicious ARIA, 'St. PADRE M'ABANDONNA,' from her favorite opera OTELLO.

A sudden paleness was seen to overspread her countenance; and there passed over her fair shoulders, several of those shudders which the popular language has with much truth denominated, 'LA PETITE MORT!'

With a perceptible agitation she continued, and the audience were just beginning to feel the emotions caused by her thrilling voice, when suddenly the two other theatres opened, and there mingled with her melodious warblings, the noisy jargon of two farces being performed at the same time. A murmur of discontent arose on the air in consequence of this exhibition of MAUVAISE GOUT, and many persons arose to depart: but suddenly the ground on which the assembly stood, opened, as formerly did the earth on which stood the false prophets. At the same time the fire-works exploded, and the fusils, directed with perfidious art at the lights, destroyed them in a few seconds. Soon there remained no more of this grand FETE than profound darkness, indescribable disorder, and cries of rage and fright from the crowd, who were struggling in a muddy marsh, into which they had been perfidiously precipitated. Standing upright in the middle of this confusion, a man shouted with laughter, and amused himself like Satan in the midst of Pandemonium! It was the giver of the FETE who was the author of this ferocious mystery.

At the first cry of alarm, Henriette felt herself clasped within strong arms, which bore her from danger. She was soon far from the park, and seated, with Count Arnold at her side, in her carriage, which took the route for Paris.

Her whole frame trembled with terror, and her lips stammered forth half uttered sentences.

'It is he!' she shrieked, 'it is he!'

Arnold sought to compose her by endearing words.

'Oh! if you knew,' said she at last, 'the painful remembrances which the sight of THAT MAN has awakened! I feel too intensely that the horror created by the sight of him is not imaginary.'

'Of whom do you speak, dear Henriette? Woe to him, whoever it may be, that has caused you this distress!'

'Be silent, Arnold,' said she in affright, 'be silent; or rather swear to me that you will avoid that man, yea, shun him as you would a pestilence. He carries with him fatality and despair! I have promised, my friend, to confide to you some secrets. Alas! the sight of that man, and the mysterious events of this evening, are an introduction but too natural. Listen to me attentively, Arnold.'

'We boast with pride of the military acts and triumphs of the officers of Napoleon. But these men, brave on the field of battle, become but too often brutalized, devoid of pity and respect for others, recklessly violating even the sacred duties of hospitality. It is now more than twenty years since they ravaged Germany; and one of them, wounded nigh unto death, dragged himself to the threshold of a CHATEAU nearly in ruins, still smoking, having been pillaged and partly burned not many hours previously by his compatriots, where, begging for shelter he was most kindly received by its venerable master, who lavished upon him every care and attention.'

The wounded officer soon became convalescent, and basely cancelled his debt of gratitude by winning the affections, and betraying the virtue of the young, lovely, and innocent daughter of his benevolent host. The only, the idolized child of that aged man, what think you were HIS emotions when he discovered this outrage? He sought to avenge it; but between her lover and her sire's uplifted arm, the daughter rushed in frenzy, and prayed that the husband of her soul, for thus the infatuated girl styled her betrayer, might be spared. 'Let him then,' said the father, 'receive before God, and before man, that title which THOU hast already given him. Unfortunate! THIS SHALL BE THY PUNISHMENT.'

The officer consented, and without delay the marriage was legally celebrated.

The bride possessed a fortune of one hundred thousand FRANCS, which she inherited from her mother. They went immediately to Paris; where, alas, the prophetic sentence of the outraged father was too soon fulfilled: for IN HER HUSBAND WAS THE YOUNG WIFE PUNISHED!

'Accustomed to the prodigality and dissipation of a military life, the officer, whose wound compelled him to relinquish the service, and condemned him to inactivity, commenced to live as if his wife's fortune was inexhaustible. He passed whole days at the CAFE, returning home late in the evening, neglecting to entertain HER who had sacrificed all for him, even to the repose of her conscience, and exhibiting no paternal affection for the daughter she had borne him. Time passed, and brought the day when there remained but a small portion of the hundred thousand FRANCS; and in order to supply domestic expenditure, and the extravagant desires of a spendthrift, the officer had recourse to gambling. Fortune at first allured him with her smiles, which served to render subsequent ill success more bitter to be borne. Her votary soon found himself cast into an abyss of misery and shame! One morning he was found extended at his own door, a bloody, ghastly, corpse. The wretched man had exerted the basest of all courage; he had committed suicide.'

'Without resource; without a protector; a foreigner in this vast city — friendless, forlorn, the widow struggled perseveringly against adversity. Poverty she endured; and to labor she submitted as a just expiation of her errors, and during several years of severe trial, there escaped from her lips neither complaint nor murmur. She educated her daughter piously and tenderly, presenting her the example of an humble and laborious, but virtuous life; her courage never failing her, until the day when she suffered the attacks of a terrible disease which soon terminated her existence. Oh! how the thought of leaving her poor orphan daughter to the pitiless charity of a cold world, without guide or support, overwhelmed with sorrow and anguish her tender heart, embittering her last moments!'

'The orphan, clad in mourning, was once returning from her daily prayers over her mother's hallowed grave, when a carriage stopped suddenly before her, the inmate of which, a stern-looking man, made a gesture for her to come to him. The timid girl obeyed somewhat distrustfully, while the blush of innocence suffused her cheek.'

'Where do you come from?' inquired he, in a winning tone.

'From the cemetery, where is buried my mother.'

'Is thy father dead also?'

'I am an orphan.'

'You live then with some of your relatives?'

'My mother was a German. I have no relations in Paris.'

'A strange smile parted the lips of that man, which created fear in the young girl's mind.'

'How many lovers have you?' he bluntly inquired.

'She cast upon him a look in which shone so much innocence, that he seemed almost ashamed of his brutal question.'

'Step into my carriage, and sit with me.'

'She hesitated, but he lifted her by the arms, and placing her on the seat, at the same time gave orders to the coachman, in a foreign language.'

'The carriage, driven with rapid speed, crossed many streets which were unknown to the orphan, and at length stopped before a house of the CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN, a part of the city they were then just commencing to build. That house, or rather PAVILLON, rose in the midst of a large garden, and was a retreat, lovely as a poet's dream. The unknown requested the young girl to alight, and then conducted her into a saloon, decorated with elegant simplicity. He rung the bell, when a FEMME DE CHAMBRE appeared.'

'There is your new mistress,' said he, and abruptly departed. The orphan followed, and detained him, exclaiming,

'Let me return home: I prefer poverty, or even death, to dishonor.'

'He commenced laughing, and patting her on the cheek replied, 'Be not afraid — thou shalt have no cause to fear, I am'

rich, and sometimes do good in a strange manner. Chance has thrown you in my way; you appear innocent, and are superior to that humble attire. I have resolved to bestow upon you, that which I have lavished on an ungrateful being who has deceived me. Be satisfied, and enjoy without inquietude the good fortune that falls to your share. If you exact it, I will not return, even to visit you.'

The orphan remained in the luxurious home thus strangely provided for her. Six months elapsed ere she again saw him whom her heart blessed for to destitution and misery had succeeded happiness and ease. The female whom he sent to her as a companion was intelligent, and appeared to conceive for the lonely orphan an ardent attachment bestowing upon her the most useful counsel, and procuring teachers of various branches to attend in order that her education should be complete.

When her benefactor paid her a visit, the orphan fancied that she would obtain his approbation, and prove herself worthy of his benevolence, by exhibiting the accomplishments she had acquired; but imagine her chagrin, when that singular man exhibited extreme displeasure, and forbade her, sternly and peremptorily, to prosecute her studies. He then departed.

The orphan wished at first to obey his injunction; but her companion did not cease to exhort her to place herself in a position which would enable her to struggle against adversity, if adversity should again assail her. New masters were procured, and this girl so wonderfully rescued from a life of toil and servitude, received an education, ornamental as useful. — Music she studied with a passionate ardour seldom or never equalled; her progress indeed was so rapid, and her voice, naturally melodious, became so refined and exquisite by cultivation, that even then, dreams of a brilliant future were traced upon her imagination.

Time rolled unheeded by. Every want supplied, she knew not how, the orphan felt no sorrow, excepting that occasioned by the continued absence of her benefactor, for four years elapsed ere he again visited his PROTEGE. She addressed to him the most tender reproaches, mingled with caresses and expressions of gratitude. He answered not these manifestations of affection, but contented himself by saying, 'I should like to see you, my child, clad in the very costume you wore the day on which I first met you.' She hastened to obey his caprice, and soon reappeared in those worn and sombre habiliments, which she had preserved as a memento of her former life; so that whenever pride unduly exalted her heart, she might view them and be humbled. They were much too short, and small; nevertheless, she clad herself with them in hopes of pleasing him to whom she felt so profoundly indebted.

'Would you not like to visit with me, thus, the spot where fortune placed you in my way?'

'Yes, indeed!' joyfully replied the orphan, 'for my gratitude, already so lively and tender towards you, would become enhanced at the sight of that place, where you found me, poor, desolate, and wretched.'

Taking her by the hand, he conducted her to his carriage. They soon reached the spot, where he desired her to alight. Scarcely had her foot touched the pavement, ere the carriage was driven off at full speed, leaving her there affrighted, and alone! Recovering a little from the alarm this unexpected movement had created, she reflected for some moments as to the course she should take. This was probably but a whim of her benefactor; he wished, without doubt, to amuse himself by exciting her fears, and would perhaps return soon to take her home. These were but thoughts, as she stood trembling, and attracting by her singular appearance the notice of those who passed by. At length, she entered a FIACRE, and returned to her late home: in vain she knocked; in vain she called; in vain was every attempt to enter: the door remained closed! Imagine, if you can, Arnold, MY despair; for have you not discovered that the poor orphan was no other than your Henriette? — Alone, abandoned in the middle of Paris, without money, without an asylum, without protection! Oh! my God! what did I not suffer!

The driver of the FIACRE waited; I had not even a small coin wherewith to pay his demand. He looked at me suspiciously. What could I do? While loosening the strings of my hood, I discovered that in changing my apparel, I had unconsciously retained my ear-rings; also my watch, a costly one — the gift of my benefactor, or rather, I should now style him, my tormentor! Detaching the ear-rings, I ordered the driver to convey me to the nearest jeweller, where I could dispose of them. He did so. I settled his demand, dismissing him, seated myself upon a stone step, my brain burning, my whole frame trembling from excess of emotion.

'I prayed to God. I recalled the lessons of resignation and piety taught me by my poor mother, and resolved not to yield

to despair, but resume courageously the humble employment I had pursued previous to the extraordinary digression that had been, as it were, forced upon me.

It was now necessary to consider where I should seek a lodging, which was not easy to obtain while my appearance bespoke such utter destitution. As the trifling sum I had received for the ear-rings would provide very scantily for my immediate wants, I resolved to offer also my watch to the same jeweller.

I entered the shop. The man regarded me with an expression of countenance which betrayed distrust, suspicion. — He proposed to give me sixty FRANCS. I accepted his offer without hesitation; for I knew not the value of the article. I then observed him make a sign to his wife, while he delayed the payment. A moment after, an agent of the police entered. 'Sir,' said the jeweller to him, 'this young girl offers me a watch, set with precious stones and diamonds of great value for sixty francs! being one-sixth of its value. I believe she has stolen it: so please conduct her to the COMMISSAIRE DE POLICE.'

'They bore me away, my friend; they cast me into prison; for the COMMISSAIRE listened not to my defence, and treated the recital of my adventures as a ridiculous fable.'

'In prison, Arnold, what did I not suffer? Surrounded by the vilest of women, my senses were shocked by witnessing their licentious behaviour, and my young ears violated by their horrible curses! Dishonour still greater awaited me. The tribunal before which I was arraigned wished not to believe me innocent. I was acquitted, and set at liberty, since they could not prove the theft, and no one appeared to claim the stolen article, as they said. The president accompanied the verdict of acquittal by reproaches the most cruel, and language the most severe. He was careful to tell me, 'that the absence of legal proof, and NOT a conviction of my innocence, enabled me to escape the punishment I so justly merited.' — 'No person knows you,' said he, 'in the house where you pretend to have passed the last four or five years. Those persons whom you asserted could give evidence in your favour, deny having any knowledge of you — declare your allegations false. Go, artful, miserable girl!' he added, 'it will not be long ere we shall again see you arraigned before us.'

'Picture, if possible, my despair. My late kind protector had denied all knowledge of me; could behold the poor orphan he had rescued from poverty, disgraced and contemned! — What base motive had stirred his soul to lavish on an unoffending, innocent girl such inhuman cruelty? Did I dream? Was my misery real, or the hallucination of a distempered mind? Alas! the reality was too distinct!'

'I will not weary you, my friend, with the recital of my trials and sufferings until the period when, after a succession of strange events, I was taken to Italy, and made my DEBUT at the THEATRE DE LA SCALA at Milan, where my efforts as a CANTATRICE, as you already know, were crowned with triumphant and brilliant success: let it suffice for me to add, that the penniless, unprotected orphan has resisted every temptation, has remained pure and virtuous as she was in the day of her early youth, the day on which she was bereaved of her beloved mother; who, unfortunate, but sincerely penitent on earth, in heaven has been the guardian angel of her child!'

'What was my horror, my dear friend, this night, when suddenly in the giver of the FETE from which we are flying, I recognized the infernal being who has played in the drama of my life so diabolical a part. Yes! he is the pitiless wretch who drew me from poverty and misery, only to plunge me into the lowest depths of wretchedness and despair! who by one word could have declared my innocence, but who left me alone, without protection, without the means of defence before the tribunal, where they loaded me with opprobrium!'

'Arnold, when the remembrance of my shame and sorrow recurs to my mind, it tortures me! — it kills me! Oh, leave me! abandon me! you cannot become the husband of her who, in a public court, has been branded with the epithet of thief!'

'Henriette,' replied Arnold, 'why should you recollect these injustices? why urge them upon me? I have no sentiment but compassion for your wrongs. My love is, if possible, enhanced by this sad narration. The world knows it not; it only recognizes, and prostrates itself before your transcendent talents, virtue and beauty? What matters it that a crown of thorns has once lacerated that brow which is now encircled with a halo of glory? Of what importance is the past, since you will henceforth live only in the sunshine of my love — in the splendor that can alone be bestowed by wealth and rank? Be mine. I offer you all. The poor orphan that has passed through trials so severe, is ten thousandfold more precious in my sight, than the crowned princess on her throne!'

The beautiful head gently reclined on Arnold's shoulder — the heart was too full for ascent in words.

A few days passed, and many with pleased surprise, all with regret, learned that this glorious queen of song would bid farewell to the stage, in order to adorn her lover's brow with the coronet of a countess. Her music was reserved only for the happy Arnold and his friends, and for that king who has conceived for her a paternal affection, and who is always pleased to entitle her 'MY DAUGHTER.'*

(Note, by the editor of the COURIER DES ETATS UNIS.)

RULES FOR LADIES.

ETIQUETTE OF THE DINNER TABLE.

To perform faultlessly the honors of the table, is one of the most difficult duties imposed by society.

The lady of the house, to make her friends feel at ease, should express no anxiety, and mention no disappointment to them.

When the servant announces that dinner is served, every gentleman conducts a lady to the dining-room. If the company merely pass from one room to another, he gives the lady his right hand; if they descend a stair, he gives her the wall.

The lady of the house should be led to the dining-room by the principal person present, or the person in whose honor the dinner is given.

She should enter the dining-room first, and take her station at the head of the table; for if she enters it last, as was formerly the custom, she finds some difficulty in assigning seats to her guests, which it is her duty to do, if there are ladies amongst the company.

The gentleman of the house, should always enter last.

The ladies take their seats immediately, but the gentlemen remain standing, until every lady present is seated.

The conversation of the dinner table should be very general.

Napkins, and finger glasses, are essential in all refined society.

When the party is large, it is customary for the table to be beautifully spread with the desert, and decked with flowers: the viands are then carved by servants at side tables. When this is the case, the cloth is not removed.

Too great a display of plate, or too dazzling a show of crystal, unless upon some particular occasion, is in bad taste. Simplicity is the soul of good breeding, as it is the essence of natural beauty, and to put your visitor on a footing with yourself, is the best compliment you can pay him. When you see company, therefore, let the table be set out tastefully, but not ostentatiously; — in a manner suitable to your station, but not, as it were, to exhibit your pride and wealth, more than your hospitality and social feeling.

At a party, never take soup or fish twice: at a family dinner, this is not of consequence.

Never refuse taking wine on being asked: you are not bound to do more than sip your glass.

Never load the plate of any one; and in helping sauce, do not cover the meat or vegetables, but put it on one side of the plate. Never put more than one spoonful of soup into a plate.

Take care that the bread be cut in a cube form, not in slices, but in pieces of about an inch and a half thick.

Knives were made for cutting, and those who carry food to their mouths with them, frequently cut their lips. Eat always with a fork or a spoon — unless, indeed, in those old fashioned houses, where there are only two-pronged forks, you are obliged to use your knife. No one, however, who gives parties, omits to have broad silver forks. In using your fork, hold it in your right hand.

As knives spoil the delicacy of fish, and are apt to be corroded with the sauce, fish is generally eaten with the assistance of a fork and a piece of bread.

Peas, curry, tarts, and pudding, should be eaten with a spoon rather than a fork.

In helping any one at a table, it is not proper to use a knife and fork, if a spoon can be as conveniently substituted.

In supping, eating, and drinking, make as little noise as possible.

Never press people to eat more than they choose: never press any particular dish; it is sufficient to recommend it.

Never send away your own plate until all your guests have done so.

Ladies should never have gloves on at dinner; servants should never want them; above all, take care that your servants' gloves be clean and white.

LONG YEARS HAVE PASSED.

BY THOMAS MORE.

Long years have passed, old friend since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me
Since then have dropped away;
But enough remains to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone
And the few who're left us yet.
Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flowers, 'mid autumn's snow,
Remain youths color still.
Aid, so, in our hearts, though one by one,
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank Heaven; not all their light is gone—
We've something to cheer us yet.
Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life ere it fleet;
And still as death comes stealing on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
E'en while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
How many are left us yet.

THE EYE THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

There is an eye that never sleeps!
Which o'er the world its vigil keeps
From yonder arching sky;
Amid the blaze of noonday light,
Or in the darkling shades of night,
Still peers that sleepless eye!
Clear to its vision—oh! how clear,
Those deeply hidden thoughts appear.—
The features would deny—
There's not an impulse e'er can start,
Of good or evil in the heart,
But meets that watchful eye!
The wretch, all trembling seeks some spot,
To form unseen his guilty plot,
No footprint by;
Yet though from mortal gaze concealed,
Each deed, each thought, lies all revealed,
Beneath that haunting eye!
In lowly cot—or palace gay—
Or o'er the seas, far, far away
Its glance is ever nigh;
Then, oh, thou wretch! with crime imbued,
Fly where thou wilt, thou'l ne'er elude,
That keen and searching eye!

News Items.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The last news from Europe by the Great Western, is of some interest. The money market is improving. The effect of the modification of the English Tariff has been unfavorable on the continent. The free importation of cattle and all sorts of meat into Great Britain has so re-acted on the Hamburg markets that prices have risen so that it is felt by the middle classes, while the poor are scarcely able to buy meat at all.

PARLIAMENT.

The returns of the Scarcity Commissioners show a daily increasing progress of distress in Ireland. Sir Robert Peel expressed his opinion that the introduction of Indian corn was effecting a social revolution in Ireland, by exciting in the people a taste for a higher description of food. The Irish were discovering that they could work longer and were altogether in better condition, by the use of meal, than by the use of that watery food, potatoes. At present, corn is admitted on a sort of sufferance under a treasury order which awaits the decision of Parliament to legalize it. The importers are compelled to give security for the payment of the old rate of duties, provided the treasury order be not approved by the legislature, and consequently trade is attended with great uncertainty. The opposition are attempting to force the Coercion Bill along with the Corn Bill; the result of which may be to blast all hope of a speedy tariff reform.

ALAS! THE POLES.

This oppressed and interesting people have been making another attempt to recover their liberty, but the power of Tyrants is too strong for them. Would that Poland were within our reach—we could render her assistance and stand God-approv'd.

MEXICO.

The contest between the Monarchs and the Republicans, still continues. Paredes, in a manifesto, leaves the responsibility of declaring war against the United States, to the Mexican Congress which is about to assemble. He gives as a reason for not receiving Mr. Slidell, that it would have been an avowal of weakness, because the ships of war and troops of the United States were hovering over their coasts and frontiers simultaneously with his presence in Mexico.

NO WAR.

The rumor of a declaration of war against the United States by Mexico proves to be nothing more than a rumor. Doubtless a war with Mexico would either bring against us the power of Europe or result in a total subjugation of the Mexican Territory by our Army.

OREGON.

The war panic in England has subsided. The people begin to think all differences will be amicably adjusted. American stocks have obtained their former position.

DISPUTE SETTLED.

We see it stated that the Oregon question is settled on the basis of 49 deg. We have some doubts as to the truth of this report.

INGERSOL vs. WEBSTER.

C. J. Ingersol seems determined to press his charges of corruption against Daniel Webster notwithstanding the refusal of the President to inform the House of the manner in which the contingent fund had been expended by him while Secretary of State. The charges are—

1. That Mr. Webster had made an unlawful use of the secret service fund.
2. Misappropriating part of that fund to the corruption of the party press.
3. Leaving the Department of State a defaulter.

Mr. Ingersol says Mr. Webster is a defaulter in the sum of \$2,300, and that there are letters in the department from O. H. Smith which speak of a "new and effectual mode of settling the N. E. Boundary question, by giving tone to public opinion." Committees have been appointed and the matter will doubtless be fully investigated.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The first general Conference of this Church assembled in Pittsburgh, Va., on the first inst.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

A young man, named William Johnson, about 19 years of age, attempted to hang himself recently at New Orleans. The cause of this attempt is supposed to be, the loss of all his money in gambling. Young men better not gamble.

Specimens.

Ned Grimes wore a sad countenance. He was asked what was the matter, but no satisfactory answer was forthcoming. At length a particular friend obtained the following particulars of him:—

"You know," said Ned, "I have been courting Sally W. a long while, and so we had a great notion of getting married, when that darned old Col.——"

"Go on, Ned, don't be a boy; what about the Colonel?"

"Why you see, Sally said I had better ask him, and so I did, as perlite as I knew how."

"Well, what reply did he make?"

"Why, he kinder hinted round as if I warn't wanted there."

"Well, Ned let us know what they were—what the Colonel said to disturb your mind so?"

"Why, he said—"

"Said what?"

"Why, he said if he caught me there again, he'd cowhide me till I hadn't an inch of rine left on my back, darn his old picture."

An old toper, in the last stages of the dropsy was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being "tapped." His son (a witty little shaver) objected to this operation, saying, "Daddy, daddy! don't submit to it; for you know, there was never anything, "tapped" in our house that lasted more than a week."

"Vy, yer 'unner," said a jockey, trying to dispose of a horse, "he ar' the most beautiful of beestes yer 'unner ever clapped yer 'andsome hyes upon; vy, he'll talk to yer, if ve only speak to 'im in his own language."

A son of the "Isle of Erin," having purchased a new Bible, commenced his family record. He enrolled the name of his first born thus: "John G——, born August 6, 1836, aged 6 years." Wonder how old that boy was, at fifteen?

"I had rather not take a horn with you," said the loafer to the mad bull—but the bull insisted upon treating him to two, and the loafer got quite high.

A Dutchman having suddenly lost an infant son of whom he was very fond, thus vented his inconsolable grief over the corpse of the child:

"I don't she what did make him tie. He wash so fat as putter; I would not have him tie for three dollarsh."

THE LEARNED SHOEMAKER.

Few have heard of Hans Sacks, of everlasting memory. Hans was the Nuremberg shoemaker who was instructed, according to the Northern antiquities, by the master singers of those days in the praiseworthy art of poetry; he there continued to make plays and pumps, boots and books, sonnets and shoes, until the seventy-seventh year of his age; when, as his biography tells, he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found that his works filled thirty folio volumes, all written with his own good hand; and consisted of four thousand two hundred mastership songs; two hundred and eight comedies, tragedies and farces, some seven acts long; one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six fables, tales and miscellaneous poems, and seventy-three devotional, military and amatory songs—making a sum total of six thousand one hundred and four-and-twenty pieces, great, small and indifferent. It is recorded that from these he culled as many as filled three ponderous folios, which were published in the year 1651, with marginal references and copious notes by the author. Another edition being called for, he increased his three volumes folio abridgment of his works, in the second, from his other works.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

I was walking with Wilberforce, in his verandah, (says a friend,) watching for the opening of a night-blowing ceres.—As we stood in expectation, it suddenly burst wide open before us. It reminded me, as we admired its beauty, of the mysteries of divine Providence first breaking on the glorified eye, when they shall fully unfold to the view, and appear as beautiful as they are complete.

THE CASKET.

THIS paper will be issued every Wednesday, and will comprise two volumes per year, of over 200 pages each, with an index accompanying each volume—making it a desirable work for binding.

The contents will be mostly or wholly original, from the pens of some of the best writers in the country, and will consist of

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All of which shall bear a high moral and intellectual tone; and the Editor pledges himself that nothing of an immoral tendency, nothing of a partisan or sectarian nature, shall be admitted.

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